THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

OUR MOTTO--"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

VOL. 1. GREENVILLE, S. C.: FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1854. NO. 21.

The Southern Enterprise,

A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

WILLIAM P. PRICE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

T. J. & W. P. Price, Publishers

TERMS.

$1 50, payable in advance; $2 if delayed.
CLUBS of TEN and upwards $1, the money in every instance to accompany the order.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted conspicuously at the rates of 75 cents per square of 13 lines, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Contracts for yearly advertising made reasonable.

Poetry.

Stanzas.

BY SUNNIE SOUTHRON.

'Tis sweet to seek alone, alone,
At even-tide some pleasant spot,
Where moss o'er root and rock hath grown,
And springs the sweet for-get-me-not.
When leaves flap idly to the breeze,
And shadows quiver on the ground,
And sunset lingers 'mid the trees,
And hidden music floats around.

There, where the heart is sore oppress'd,
And Faith and Hope doth faint and fail,
When life's frail bark may find no rest,
Swept be misfortune's chilling gale.
One hour, one precious hour alone,
With Him whom winds and waves obey,
May hush the spirit's grieving moan,
And drive the clouds of gloom away.

And when the cup of misery 's passed,
And joy—drops in its depths once more,
Doth sparkle bright, or gushing fast,
In clustering sweetness droppeth o'er,
'Tis rapture still to seek alone,
The source from whence each blessing flow'd,
And in thanksgiving's joyous tone,
Praise for the happiness bestow'ed.

O yes, 'tis sweet to be alone,
With nature, and with nature's God,
Whether to learn "thy will be done,"
Beneath the Father's chastening rod,
On blessing Him for mercies past,
Seek grace and strength for days to come,
Until the soul is moor'd at last,
Safe, safe within its heavenly home.

[*Anderson Gazette.*

A Revolutionary Sketch.

DANIEL MORGAN
AND HIS AMERICAN RIFLEMEN.

The outposts of the two armies were very near to each other, when the American commander, desirous of obtaining particular information respecting the position of his adversary, summoned the famed leader of the Riflemen, Col. Daniel Morgan, to headquarters.

It was night, and the chief was alone. After his usual polite, yet reserved and dignified salutation, Washington remarked—

'I have sent for you, Col. Morgan, to entrust to your courage and sagacity a small, but important enterprise. I wish you to reconnoitre the enemy's line, with a view to your ascertaining correctly the position of their newly constructed redoubts; also the encampments of the British troops that have lately arrived, and those of their Hessian auxiliaries. Select, sir, an officer, non-commissioned officer, and about twenty pickedmen, and under cover of the night proceed, but with all caution; get as near as you can, and by daydawn retire and make your report to headquarters. But mark me, Col. Morgan, mark me well; upon no account what ever are you to bring on any skirmish with the enemy; if discovered, make a speedy retreat; let nothing induce you to fire a single shot. I repeat, sir, that no force of circumstances will excuse the discharge of a single rifle on your part; and for the extreme preciseness of these orders, permit me to say, I have my reasons.' Filling two glasses of wine, the General continued: 'And now, Col. Morgan, we will drink a good night, and success to your enterprise.'

Col. Morgan quaffed the wine, smacked his lips, and assured His Excellency that his orders should be punctually obeyed, and left the tent of the Commander-in-Chief.

Charmed at being chosen as the executive officer of a daring enterprise, the leader of the woodsmen repaired to his quarters, and calling for Gabriel Long, his favorite captain ordered him to detail a trusty sergeant and twenty prime fellows, who being mustered and ordered to lay on their arms, ready at a moments warning, Morgan and Long stretched their manly forms before the watch-fire, to wait the going down of the moon, the signal of departure.

A little after midnight, and while the rays of the setting moon still faintly glimmered in the western horizon, 'Up, Sergeant,' cried Long, 'stir up your men,' and twenty athletic figures were on their feet in a moment. 'Indian file, march,' and away they all sprung with the quick and yet light and stealthy step of the woodsman. They reached the enemy's line, crawled up so close to the pickets of the Hessians as to inhale the odor of their pipes; discovered by the newly-turned earth the position of the redoubts, and by the numerous tents that dotted the field for, 'many a rod around, and showed dimly, amid the light haze, the encampment of the British and German reinforcements, and, in short, performed their perilous duty without the slightest discovery, and, pleased with themselves and the success of their enterprise, prepared to retire, just as a chanticleer from a neighboring farm-house was 'bidding salutation to the morn.'

The adventurons party reached a small eminence at some distance from the British camp, and commanding an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. Here Morgan halted to give his men a little rest, before taking up his line of march for the American outposts. Scarcely had they thrown themselves upon the grass, when they perceived issuing from the enemy's advanced pickets a body of horse, commanded by an officer, and proceeding along the road that led directly by the spot where the riflemen had halted. No spot could be better chosen for an ambuscade, for there were rocks and ravines, and also scrubby oaks, that grew thickly on the eminence by which the road which we have just mentioned passed, at not exceeding a hundred yards.

'Down, boys, down,' cried Morgan, as the horse approached; nor did the clansmen of the Black Roderick disappear more promptly amid their native heather than did Morgan's woodsmen, in the present instance, each to his tree or rock. 'Lie close there, my lads, till we see what these fellows are about.'

Meantine the horsemen had gained the height, and the officer, dropping the rain on the charger's neck, with spy-glass reconnoitred the American lines. The troops closed up their files, and were either caressing the noble animals they rode, adjusting their equipments, or gazing upon the surrounding scenery, now fast brightening in the beams of a rising sun.

Morgan looked at Long, and Long at his superior, while the riflemen, with panting chests and sparkling eyes, were only waiting seme signal from their officers 'to let the ruin fly.'

At length the martial ardor of Morgan overcame his prudence and sense of military suborbination. Forgetful of consequences, reckless of everything but his enemy, now within his grasp, he waved his hand, and loud and sharp rang the report of their rifles amid the surrounding echoes.

At point blank distance, the certain and deadly aim of the Hunting Shirts of the Revolutionary army is too well known to history to need remark at this time of day. In the instance we have recorded, the effect of the fire of the riflemen was tremendous. Of the horse, some had fallen to rise no more, while their liberated chargers rushed wildly over the adjoining plain, others, wounded, but entangled with their stirrups, were dragged by the infuriated animals expiringly along, while the very few who were unscathed spurred hard to regain the shelter of the British lines.

While the smoke yet canopied the scene of slaughter, and the picturesque froms of the woodsmen appeared among the foliage, as they were re-loading their pieces, the colossal figure of Morgan stood apart. He seemed the very genius of war, and gloomily he contemplated the havoc his order had made. He spoke not, he moved not, but looked as one absorbed in the intensity of thought. The martial shout with which he was wont to cheer his comrades in the hour of combat, was hushed; the shell from which he had blown full many a note of battle and of triumph on the field of Saratoga, hung by his side; no order was given to spoil the slain, the arms and equipments, for which there was always a bounty from Congress, the shirts of which there was such a need at that, the sorest period of our country's privation, all, all were abandoned, as with an abstracted air and a voice struggling for utterance, Morgan, suddenly turning to his captain, exclaimed—'Long, to the camp, to the camp.' The favorite captain obeyed,' the riflemen with trailed arms fell into file, and Long and his party soon disappeared, but not before the hardy fellows had exchanged opinions on the strange termination of the late affair.—And they agreed, *nem. con.*, that their colonel was tricked, (conjured) for assuredly after such a fire as they had given the enemy, such an emptying of saddles and scattering of the troopers, he would not have ordered his poor rifle boys from the field without so much as a few shirts or pair of stockings being divided among them. 'Yes,' said a tall, lean and swarthy looking fellow, and Indian hunter from the frontier, as he carefully placed his moccasined feet in the footprints of the file-leader, 'yes, my lads, it stands to reason, our colonel is tricked.'

Morgan followed only on the trail of his men. The full force of his military guilt had rushed upon his mind, even before the report of his rifles had ceased to echo in the neighboring forests. He became more convinced of the enormity of his offences, as, with dull and measured strides, he pursued his solitary way, and thus soliloquized:

'Well, Daniel Morgan, you have done for yourself. Broke, sir, to a certainty. You may go home, sir, to the plough; your sword will be of no further use to you. Broken, sir—nothing can save you; and there is the end of Col. Morgan. Fool, fool—by a single act of madness, thus to destroy the earnings of so many toils and of many a hard-fought battle. You are broken; sir, and there is an end of Col. Morgan.'

To disturb his reverie, there suddenly appeared at full speed the aid-de-camp, the Mercury, of the field, who, reining up, accosted the Colonel with, 'I am ordered, Col. Morgan, to ascertain whether the firing just now heard proceeded from your detachment?'

'It did, sir,' doggedly replied Morgan.

'Then, Col. Morgan,' continued the aid, 'I am further ordered to require of you your immediate attendance upon His Excellency, who is fast approaching.

Morgan bowed, and the aid, wheeling his charger, galloped back to rejoin the Chief.

The gleams of the morning sun, shining upon the sabres of the horse guard, announced the arrival of the dread commander—that being who inspired with a degree of awe every one who approached him. With a stern, yet dignified composure, Washington addressed the military culprit:

'Can it be possible, Col. Morgan, that my aid-de-camp has informed me aright? Can it be possible, after the orders you received last evening, that the firing we have heard proceeded from your detachment? Surely, sir; my orders were so explicit as not to be easily misunderstood.'

Morgan was brave; but it has been often, and justly, too, observed, that man was never born of woman who could approach the great Washington and not feel a degree of awe and veneration from his presence. Morgan quailed for a moment before the stern yet just displeasure of his Chief, till arousing all his energies for the effort, he uncovered and replied:

'Your Excellency's orders were perfectly understood; and, agreeable to the same, I proceeded with the select party to reconnoitre the enemy's lines by night. We succeeded even beyond our expectations, and I was returning to headquarters to make my report, when, having halted a few minutes to rest the men, we discovered a party of horse coming out from the enemy's lines. They came up immediately to the spot where we lay concealed by the brushwood. There they halted, and gathered together like a flock of partridges, affording me so tempting an opportunity of annoying my enemy, and may it please your Excellency, flesh and blood could not refrain.'

At this rough, yet frank, bold aud manly explanation, a smile was observed to pass over the General's suit. The Chief remained unmoved; when, waving his hand, he continued: "Colonel Morgan, you will retire to your quarters, there to await further orders.'

Arrived at his quarters, Morgan threw himself upon his hard couch, and gave himself up to reflections upon the events which had so lately and rapidly succeeded each other. He was aware he had sinned against all hopes of forgiveness. Within twenty-four hours he had fallen from the command of a regiment, and being a special favorite with his General, to be, what?—a disgraced and broken soldier. Condemned to retire from the scenes of glory, the darling passion of his heart—forever to abandon the 'fair field of fighting men,' and in obscurity to 'drag out the remnant of a wretched existance,' neglected and forgotten, and then his rank, so hardly and so nobly won, with all his 'blushing honors,' acquired in the march across the frozen wilderness of the Kennebec, the storming of the Lower Town, and the gallant and glorious combat at Saratoga.

The hours dragged gloomily away, and night came, and with it no rest for the troubled spirit of poor Morgan. The drums and fifes merrily sounded the soldier's dawn, and the sun arose, giving 'promise of a goodly day.' And to many within the circuit of his widely extended camp, did his genial beam give hope, and joy, and gladness, while it cheered not with a single ray the despairing Leader of the Woodsmen.

About ten o'clock, the Orderly on duty reported the arrival of an officer of the staff from headquarters, and Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, the favorite aid of the Commander-in-Chief, entered the marque.

'Be seated,' said Morgan; 'I know your errand; so be short, my dear fellow, and put me out of my misery at once. I know that I am arrested; 'tis a matter of course. Well, there is my sword; but surely His Excellency honors me indeed, in these last moments of my military existence, when he sends for my sword by his favorite aid and my most esteemed friend. Ah, my dear Hamilton, if you knew what I have suffered since the accursed horse came out to tempt me to my ruin.'

Hamilton, about whose strikingly intelligent countenance there always lurked a playful smile, now observed—'Col. Morgan, His Excellency has ordered me to——'

'I know it,' interrupted Morgan, to bid me prepare for trial; but pshaw, why a trial? Guilty, sir, guilty, past all doubt. But then,' recollecting himself, perhaps my services might plead—nonsense—against the disobedience of a positive order; no, no, it s all over with me. Hamilton, there is an end to your old friend, Col. Morgan.'

The agonized spirit of the hero then mounted to a pitch of enthusiasm, as he exclaimed—'But my country will remember my services, and the British and the Hessians will remember me; for, though I may be far away, my brave comrades will do their duty; and Morgan's riflemen will be, as they always have been, a terror to the enemy.'

The noble, the generous souled Hamilton could no longer bear to witness the struggles of the brave unfortunate; he called out, "Hear me, my dear Colonel; only promise to hear me for one moment, and I will tell you all.'

'Go on, sir,' interrupted Morgan, despairingly, 'go on.'

'Then,' continued the aid-de-camp, 'you must know that the commander of regiments dine with His Excellency to-day.'

'What of that?' again interrupted Morgan: 'what has that to do with me a prisoner and—'

'No, no,' exclaimed Hamilton; 'no prisoner—a once offending, but now a forgiven soldier; my orders are to invite you to dine with His Excellency to-day at three o'clock precisely; yes, my brave and good friend, Col. Morgan, you still are and likly long to be the valued and famed Commander of the Regiment.'

Morgan sprang from this camp-bed, upon which he was sitting, and seizing the hand of the great little man in his giant grasp, wrung and wrung it, till the aid de-camp literally struggled to get free; then exclaimed: 'Am I in my senses? but I know you, Hamilton; you are too noble a fellow to sport with the feelings of an old brother soldier.'

Hamilton assured his friend that all was true, and gally kissing his hand, as he mounted his horse, bidding the now delighted Colonel remember three o'clock, and be careful not to disobey the second time, galloped to head-quarters.

Morgan entered the pavilion of the Commander-in-Chief, as it was filling with officers, all of whom, after paying their respects to the General, filed off to give a cordial squeeze of the hand to the Commander of the Rifle Regiment, and to whisper in his ear words of congratulation. The cloth removed, Washington bid his guests fill their glasses, ane gave his only, his unwavering toast of the days of trial, the toast of the evening of his 'time-honored' life amid the shades of Mount Vernon—'*All our Friends.*' Then, with his usual old-fashioned politeness, he drank to each guest by name. When he came to 'Col. Morgan, your good health, sir, a thrill ran through the manly frame of the gratified and again favorite soldier, while every eye in the pavilion was turned on him. At an early hour the company broke up, and Morgan had a perfect escort of officers accompanying him to his quarters, all anxious to congratulate him upon his happy restoration to rank and favor, all pleased to assure him of their esteem for his person and services.

Law and Liquor.

A writer in the Methodist Protestant puts the argument in favor of legislating against the manufacture and sale of liquor into this little nut-shell.

As one of the sovereign people, we may be allowed to say a few words to *legislators*. It is known that great difficulties in here in some questions of legislation. In such cases, a trust-worthy legislator seeks to guide his opinions by *facts*, from which he may form a general proposition, or a *geweral maxim* suited to his purpose. Of course he has constructed a syllogism.

General Maxim.—When the manufacture and indiscriminate sale of any article is found to be, more than all things beside, so injurious to individuals, families, and the State, as to be justly denominated "*the curse of curses*" to this generation, as it was to every preceding generation, from the time of the settlement of the State to the present day, the indiscriminate sale of that article should be prohibited by law, and, if need be, by the physical power of the State in aid of the law.

Particular Case—The manufacture and indiscriminate sale of distilled spirituous and fermented liquors have, by their general use, caused more suffering and crime—more ruin and anguish—caused more premature deaths more widowhood or orphanage, the alienation of more property, more woes, lamentations, and wailing, in every part of each State of these United States, than any other cause, —or than all causes together.

Practical Conclusion.—Therefore, the manufacture and indiscriminate sale of distilled and fermented intoxicating liquors should be, by the laws of each State, prohibited, not in words only, but also in deeds and forever.

GLASS BRICKS.—Among the more recent inventions patented by manufacturers, we hear of one by Mr. Summerfield, of the glass works, Birmingham Heath, England, for what are termed chromatic glass, or glass-faced grooved bricks. By Mr. Summerfield's process, red or any other clay can be combined with glass, and this will secure durability, entire resistance to moisture, and give an ornamental appearance to the building. The form of the brick is also, by means of a groove at the side and end, made so as to add greatly to the strength of the erection, the joints by this means being brought close together, and the morter acts as a dowall from the shape of the groove.—*The London Builder.*

A True Tale.

The Widow's Will.

BY REV. A. M. SCOTT.

It was a bitter night. The snow had been falling in fleecy flights during the greater portion of the day, and the cold was so intense that no business of any kind had been prosecuted by the industrious and interprising citizens of the village. Night had succeeded day. The snow and sleet were still descending, and the spirit of the storm seemed to howl around the house, and through the fields and orchards and forests, and among the distant mountains.

Mr. Rowland had returned from the counting-house at an earlier hour than usual. Supper had been served and the family had gathered around the sparkling fire.—The children had been put to bed in an adjoining apartment, and the infant was sleeping in the cradel under the immediate notice of its mother. Mr. Rowland was reading a newspaper. and as the fitful blast moaned round his commodious dwelling, he would make some remarks relative to the severity of the weather. Mrs. R. was parting the flaxen curls upon the head of the sleeping babe, and occasionally she imprinted the warm kiss of maternal affection upon its ruddy cheek.

Suddenly some one rapped at the door. It was opened, when a little girl of about seven years old was admitted. Her scanty dress were tattered and torn, a ragged quilt thrown around her slender shoulders, and a pair of miserable old shoes upon her feet.—She was almost frozen.

"You are the widow Watkins' little daughter?" said Mrs. Rowland, inquiringly.

The little girl answered in the affirmative, and added that her mother was sick, and wished Mr. Rowland to step over and see her, for she thought she would surely die.

Mr. Rowland owned the place on which the sick woman resided. She was very indignant, and but poorly able to pay the extravagant rent which the unfeeling owner exacted. The property was once her husband's, or rether her own; being a gift from her father on the very day of her wedding. Mr. Watkins was wealthy when a young man, and educated for the bar, and no one seemed more likely to be successful in his profession. He and Mr. Rowland were early associates. The latter, a few years before the period at which we now find him, had commenced the nefarious trafic in ardent spirits—had grown rich—had induced Watkins to drink—made him drunk, and by the degrees, a *drunkard;* and when the poor besotted victim was unable to pay his debts, contracted mostly for rum, but partly by neglecting his professional duties, he, his former associate, his pretended friend, his destroyer, was the first to decry and oppress him. His horses and oxen were sold by the sheriff, next his household and kitchen furniture were seized, and finally, a mortgage was given to Rowland upon the homestead of the drunkard, to secure the rum dealer in the payment of a pitiful balance in his favor.

This calamity did not check the prodigal career of the inabriate. He still quaffed the liquid poison, and still did the heartless dealer hold out inducements to prevail upon him to sink lower into wretchedness and shame. A few weeks after he was one mourning found dead in the street. He had left the grocery at a late hour the preceeding night, in a state of intoxication. The night was dark, and he probably missed his way—fell into the gutter—found himself unable to get out—and being stupified with rum, he went to sleep and froze to death.

Rowland in a short time foreclosed the mortgage, and the home of the drunkard's wife became the legal property of the man who had destroyed her peace, and reduced her to beggary and want. He permitted her to remain on the premises, exacting an extravagant rate of rent. Mental anguish, excessive labor, want of proper nourishment, and exposure, had well nigh worn her out, and she was fast sinking into the grave, where the werry are at rest. No one had been near her; no one seemed to care for her; in fact it was not known even to her nearest neighbors, that she was sick.

Mr. Rowland felt only anxious only for his rent, there being at that time a small sum due. And perhaps it was owing to this circumstance, that he so readily consented to accompany the little girl to the room of her sick mother. He drew on his overcoat, tied a woolen comforter round his neck, drew on his gloves, and taking his umbrella, set out through the drifting snow and sleet, and went his way to the widow's uncomfortable home.

He found her lying on her miserable bed of straw, with her heaad slightly elevated, the only chair belonging to the house being placed under her pillow. She was pale and ghastly, and evidently near the hour of dissolution. Mr. Rowland being seated on a rude wooden stool, she said in a feeble, but decided tone of voice:

"I have sent for you, sir, to pay me a visit, that I may make you the *heir* of my estate. My estate? I know you are ready to ask what estate I have to bequeath?—And well you may ask that. I once was happy. This house was once mine; it was my father's gift—my wedding portion. I had horses, and oxen, cows and sheep, orchards and medows. 'Twas you that induced my poor erring husband to drink.—It was you who placed before him the liquid poison, and pressed him to take it. 'Twas you that took away my horses and cows, and medows and orchards, and my own home. 'Twas you that ruined my peace, destroyed my husband, and in the very noon of life, sent him down to a drunkard's dishonored grave. 'Twas you that made me a beggar, and cast my poor starving babes upon the charity of a pitiless world. I have nothing left but these ragged quilts; them you dont want—yet I have determined to bequeath you my estate. Here, sir, is my last will and testament; I do bequeath you this vial of tears. They are tears that I have shed—tears that you have caused.—Take this vial; wear it about your vile person; and when, hereafter, you present the flowing bowl to the lips of a husband and a father, remember that you are inheriting another vial of widow's tears."

An hour more, and the poor widow, the widow of a thousand sorrows, the once favored child of fortune, the once lovely and wealthy bride, the once affectionate wife and devoted young mother, lay cold and senseless in death, and her soul had been summoned to that God who has said, "Vengeance is mine and I will repay."

The Decisive Moment.

A FEW years since while travelling in an ajacent State along the banks of a majestic river, a friend pointed to the flourishing current, and related the following incident: Not long before, when the spring rains fell, the broad channel with a surging flood, a lumber man ventured out in a boat upon a bay, to save timber which was breaking from its fastening, and would soon be swept down the stream if not secured. In his absorbing interest to prevent the loss he went too far into the rushing tide. His little bark was caught by the current, and amid wild cries for help, he was born away, arrow like, before the tumultuous waters. The alarm spread, and a neighbor recollecting there was a bridge several miles below, mounted a horse and hastened to reach that only place of rescue. Onward in helpless calmness, the imperiled boatman sped; and on the shore his deliverer rode with the fleetness of a courier towards the bridge. Reaching the structure, which trembled to the voilence of the flood, he called for a rope, and throwing it over the arch, waited the approach of the pale and anxious man. He saw the swaying cord, and as he swept beneath it, grasped with the energy of a last hope, the *thread of life.* In another moment, he was in the embrace of friends. And I have thought when I have seen men concerned for their soul's salvation, and on the current of depravity sweeping them away, there must come a decisive crisis—a last offer of mercy; and who shall say when the friendly hand of a Redeemer will be withdrawn for ever? "I might have been saved," will be the keenest pang in the agonies of the second death, while the vision rests on the moment which decided the entrance upon the infinite deep of retribution.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE RIGHT OF ELECTION BY HOTEL KEEPERS.—This question had a very practical decision in the Police Court yesterday. Mr. Weston Merritt, one of the landlords of Wilde's Hotel, in Elm-street, was arraigned for an assault upon Mr. Augustus C. Blodgett, dry good jobber at No. 33 Kilby-street, and formerly editor of the New Hampshire Statesman. It appeared that Mr. Blodgett formerly boarded at the hotel, but having some difficulty with the landlord, changed his quarters, and was ordered never to enter the house again. A few days since, however, he went there for the purpose of examining the register to see if an acquaintance had arrived, when Merritt attempted forcibly to put him out, and inflicted upon him several blows.

The counsel for the defence argued that the complianant, having been previously warned not to enter the house, had no right to remain, and his being there was a trespass, and consequently the defendant was justified in his doings. The court held that the premises being a public house, every body had the right to enter, provided no trespass was committed; therefore the ejection of the complainant was unlawful, and the defendant was fined $8 and costs.—*Boston Traveller, 9th inst.*

TOUCHING GRATITUDE.—A poor Irish woman applied, a few days since, for relief to our well-known citizen, Mr. Longworth, who, in compliance with her urgent appeals, finally handed her a dime. Sinking on her knees devoutly thanked God, and then, turning to Mr. Longworth, continued, "and when in another world I see you in torment, I will remember your kindness, and give you a cup of cold water for this that you have done unto me." Mr. Longworth felt more obliged for her good intentions than complimented by her anticipation of his futurity.—*Cin Columbian.*